

London: to be sold at the principal Circles of Society
of every Kind, and in every Town throughout the Kingdom.

THE
MONTHLY

Theatrical Reporter.

NUMBER I.
FOR OCTOBER, 1814.

*In expectatus in armis
Redux hostis adest !
Acrior ad pugnam reddit, et vim suscitat ipsa.*

Dramatic Writers, who desire to have an early Review of their Publications, are requested to send a Copy, under Cover, to the Author of the **MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORTER**, to J. ROACH's Theatrical Printing-Office and Library, Russell-Court, Drury-Lane.

It is now upwards of twelve years, that the Author of the **DRAMATIC CENSOR** retired from his functions, and, through a series of untoward contingencies, which no human fore-sight could anticipate or predict, has, during that long period, been an exile from his native land. On his secession from his censorial office, the character of the national drama was sunk so low; that, to descend to greater nullity and vileness, appeared almost impracticable. To such a deplorable point was the public taste debauched, that the community, at large, seemed incapable—as far as

respects scenic representation—of rational enjoyment, and intellectual pleasure. All the nobler avenues to the soul might be said to be barricaded and obstructed, by the vestiges of puerility. The grosser organs of sense were alone deemed worthy of employment, and almost exclusively wrought upon. Sing-song and show, pageantry and music, constituted the sole attractions of the stage. What a promising field of rich harvest and emolument, for painters, machinists, crotchet and quaver-mongers!

Brilliant and fashionable audiences were seen nightly repairing in flocks, in droves; to witness, admire, and rapturously applaud, *at the leading Theatres of the Metropolis*, exhibitions which were formerly regarded as the legitimate appendage of a country-fair! *Adults* took delight in the amusements of *child-hood!* and mature age fainted away, with extacy ineffable, at the reveries of infancy!

Such, such was the degraded state of the national drama; such the perversion of the public taste, at the period of the Author's departure from England. After an absence of twelve years, he returns to his native country,—full of eager hope, of fond and sanguine expectation. Alas! he finds these expectations woefully disappointed,—and the stage in a state of more disgraceful prostitution, vileness, and contemptibility, than when he took farewell of it. The legitimate drama he finds nearly scouted and expelled by monstrous conceptions, and abortions introduced, under the * barbarous and exotic title of *melo-dramas*;

* The author of the MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORTER, on this occasion, employs the word in its original and genuine acceptation, as

—finds the boards, which witnessed the classical performances of a GARRICK, and a POWELL, usurped by Harlequins, by Columbines, by wizards, and necromancers, fairies, sprites, hobgoblins, and by MOTHER GOOSE! with other illustrious personages, of like stamp!

Nor does the vile disgraceful chapter of wanton prostitution and self-debasement terminate here! Those public places, of minor and secondary amusement, which the proprietors and frequenters of our regular Thespian temples affect to regard, as unworthy to bear the appellation of a *Theatre*, and which are prohibited, by act of Parliament, from legitimate dramatic representation,—these very places are now eagerly resorted to, by the high and mighty potentates, acting under Royal Patent, as a source of superior attraction! The stage is converted into an *arena*, for gymnastic feats; Covent-Garden beats up for recruits over the water,—the regular *pedestrian* performers are kicked out by the GRAND EQUESTRIAN COMPANY, and the Theatres-Royal of the Metropolis supplied with their principal Actors, from the *Riding-House*, and from the *Menagerie*!

And here, let it not be alledged, in palliation of the culpable obsequiousness of the Proprietors, Directors and Managers of our theatrical establishments, in sanctioning the introduction of such disgraceful representations on the stage; that their interest is at stake; that they are compelled, even much against their will, to yield to foreign importations, implying something foreign and uncongenial, whether in word or action, whether in matters of taste, or of practice, to national habits, customs, and pursuits.

their will, to yield to the prevalency of public opinion ; in fine, that they have no alternative, but either to sacrifice their own private judgment, and conviction of moral fitness, to the declared taste, however vitiated and depraved, of the town ; or else to incur the loss of certain profit and emolument. This argument is not less dangerous, than it is stale and nugatory. By parity of reasoning, the proprietor of a brothel, or any other public nuisance, might throw in a plea of justification, on the ground that he has a great capital at stake ; that his pecuniary interests are materially benefitted and promoted by this species of speculation ;—that he does nothing more than conform to the declared taste and inclinations of his customers ; in fine, that he must either continue to act as pander to depravity and lewdness, or submit to starve.

The fallacy of such a mode of reasoning becomes still more glaring, self-evident, and untenable, when we contrast the extent of this vast metropolis ; its overgrown population ; its immense wealth, and almost exhaustless resources, with its circumscribed means and channels of theatrical amusement. When we reflect, that the first capital in the known world, for riches and commercial enterprize, boasts no more than two regular winter theatres ; must it not be apparent to every unbiassed observer, that, with a very small portion of endeavour, and honest zeal, on the part of the Proprietors of our two national theatres of Drury-Lane, and Covent-Garden, the false bias of public taste might easily be corrected, or at least an effectual check opposed to its rapid and uniform increase of degeneracy ? Instead of this, every day—thanks to the sordid policy of Proprietors and Ma-

nagers—witnesses an accession to the overwhelming evil, to such an alarming degree, that the British Stage, in their hands, and under their auspices, threatens very shortly to lose all claim to respect, all pretension to the title of legitimate drama.

In the polished states of Greece and Rome, under Pericles and Augustus, the stage was universally considered and looked up to, as the criterion of taste, and correct idiom. This, in a great measure, is still the case in France, especially at the *Theatre Francois*, at Paris; where the slightest innovation, the most trifling solecism, or impropriety of diction, would not fail instantly to strike the nice, the delicate, and practised ear of an audience, accustomed to the pure and highly-finished verse of Racine and Corneille. But can our London theatres lay claim to this honourable boast? What more frequent on our stage, than grammatical impropriety, and vagueness of style? It would be a task of no small difficulty, to point out one dramatic production in fifty, (brought out within these last twenty or thirty years,) that does not teem with errors of the grossest and most flagrant dye. What more common, for instance, with our play-wrights and performers, than to couple the pronoun of the second person plural, *you*, with the second person singular of the verb? as, “*was you ever in love?*”—to substitute the conditional conjunction *if*, for the interrogatory, *whether?*—the active verb *lay*, for the neuter *lie*? with a variety of similar * mistakes and blunders, too

* From a delicate reluctance to wound the feelings of individuals, by quoting passages from any particular play, in proof of charges, which apply almost to the aggregate of modern dramatic compositions; the au-

tedious to specify, and alike disgraceful to the Author or Performer, who commits them! How, indeed, can the case possibly be otherwise, as long as writers for the stage rest their claim, not upon literary capacity or merit, but upon green-room connection, policy, and intrigue; as long as those, whose business it is to repeat and act plays, now take upon themselves, with no other qualification than consummate impudence, and sovereign ignorance, to write and patch them together? Yet all this vile and senseless trash finds strenuous advocates and panegyrists in the Journals. Among the conductors of the numerous daily and weekly vehicles of news, of slander, and of criticism, with which the town abounds, and whose conjoined efforts scarcely suffice to appease the insatiate craving of public curiosity, and to content the gaping quidnuncs of this vast metropolis, it would be a subject of serious reflexion and concern, indeed, if we did not reckon some writers of talent and literary prowess. Several of these we could name, and unfeigned pleasure would it afford us, to give them honourable mention, were we not apprehensive of alarming their own delicacy, on the one hand—and exciting the jealousy of those of a different cast, on the other. But many, too many there are, whose sole pretensions to the office they have thrust themselves into, are founded on a front, which nothing can awe, abash, or disconcert; on a mouth “vaunting great things.”

Os magna loquens.

Author of the MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORTER contents himself with stating the question abstractedly, and with reasoning on general grounds.

and on plodding dulness. Add to this, that many of our public writers are on such close terms of intimacy and acquaintance with the various candidates for theatrical honours, that their judgment must necessarily be warped by private affection. In fact, is it easy to imagine a situation more irksome and unpleasant, than to speak in terms of slight and censure of a man, with whom you are in the habits of familiar and daily intercourse?

On the first Appearance of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, in January 1800, the Author explicitly avowed it to be one of his principal inducements for undertaking the work, to emancipate the stage from the tyranny, and sinister influence of News-paper-Criticism, whether exercised in the shape of panegyric, or of attack. The same motive still actuates his conduct. It is his intention to watch, with a vigilant eye, the machinations of this invisible tribunal, and to oppose a salutary check, alike to the workings of *venality*, and *malice*.

Restored to his native country, after a rigorous exile of twelve long, lingering years, the Author of the MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORTER, resumes his censorial functions, with a mind unwarped by prejudice, uninfluenced by either predilection or aversion. In this respect, he may not unaptly be compared to a blank page, which as yet bears no impression. Open to conviction, and passionate only for Truth, his motto is, and ever shall invariably remain,

" Nothing extenuate,

" Nor set down aught in malice."

To award the meed of praise, where praise can

justly be conferred, without impeaching his character for critical integrity, will ever yield him more exquisite delight, than it can possibly convey, even to the object of his panegyric. On the same principle, to be obliged to deal in censure and rebuke, can never fail to inflict his bosom with pungent pain.

To avoid the necessity of recurring to this painful part of his duty, and to give the profession, at large, convincing proof of his moderation and forbearance, the author embraces the present opportunity of calling their attention to certain faults and improprieties, which he has had occasion to witness in the conduct of a few individuals, since the opening of the Winter-Theatres. He alludes to a practice, which cannot be too severely animadverted upon, as it evinces a total disregard of moral fitness, together with an unpardonable contempt for the audience, who most assuredly are entitled to respect and deference, from every performer—The latter ought to be so deeply penetrated with the part, he is in the act of personating, as to lose sight of all collateral objects. What apology can be offered for an actor, who instead of feeling, of looking his part, (if the term may be allowed) instead of infusing into every gesture, look and motion the exact sentiment, which the part requires, is occupied with *bys-play*? Sorry are we to be under the necessity of declaring, that we have seen performers, and some of them persons of no mean repute in the profession, who have carried this species of licentiousness to such an unwarrantable point, as to indulge, *on the stage*, in grimace; to exchange sneers, and play the buffoon with their comrades, in the wings. Others there are, who ap-

pear to play exclusively to the galleries; wholly heedless of *Hamlet's* instructions; and who not merely speak more, than is set down for them; but so completely garble, mar, and disfigure the text, that the spirit of the original is entirely lost and evaporated.

The author trusts that the individuals, more immediately alluded to in the above remark, will, in tenderness for themselves, take the hint, and not compel him, by a recurrence and repetition of the offence, to select and bring them forward from the cover of general animadversion, by pointing at them individually, and by name.

It now remains, ere we enter into a detailed analysis of the representations, given at the respective Theatres of Covent-Garden and Drury-Lane, to state briefly, and yet explicitly, the general outline of our plan, and the broad principle on which the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter* rests its claim, and in strict adherence to which it will be invariably conducted.

We have already observed, that our primary object is to uphold the dignity and independancy of the profession, and to render the British stage worthy of encouragement, *at home*, and entitled to homage and respect, *abroad*. To effect this, it is indispensably necessary, that all encroachments on the rights of legitimate drama, should be boldly and impartially resisted; that an effectual check should be opposed to the progress of false taste, and meretricious blandishments. Indispensably necessary is it, that the performer, to ensure respect from the public, should commence, by respecting himself. In this view, if the author of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter* should

meet with any instance, in which individuals, belonging to the profession, are unjustly attacked, by *anonymous* writers, he will with alacrity step forward to vindicate their cause. The more effectually to accomplish this desirable object, this "consummation devoutly to be wished"—he herewith makes an offer of *gratuitous insertion* to every remonstrance from such individuals, as may conceive themselves injured, and unjustly attacked—provided the said remonstrance be drawn up with temper, and duly accredited with the writer's name. He further engages his honour, to be himself the first to retract his own opinion and judgment, in every case, where it shall be proved to him, that he has been led into error and mistake.

It being the Author's wish, to give a correct monthly list of all publications, relative to the Drama—the respective writers of such works are invited to send a copy of the title of their publication, under cover, *post-paid*, to the Editor of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter*, to the printer's address.

CLOSE OF THE SUMMER THEATRES.

The Editor of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter* arrived in England, about the middle of August.—The Summer Theatres, at the Haymarket and Lyceum, were drawing near to their close. To give an account of the performances of a few solitary evenings, would be altogether nugatory. The *Monthly Theatrical Reporter*, therefore, commences its disquisitions with the opening of the regular Winter

Theatres of Covent-Garden, and Drury-Lane ; briefly premising, that the theatrical campaign terminated, at the Haymarket, on Thursday, the 15th of September—that at the Lyceum, on Monday, the 26th.

On these occasions it is customary to take leave of the audience, with an address. There is something peculiar in that delivered by Mr TERRY, at the Haymarket theatre, which entitles it to more immediate consideration.

Most commonly these addresses consist in professions of thanks and gratitude to the public, for their liberal patronage and support, accompanied with assurances of increased zeal and exertion, to merit their favours the ensuing season. The Haymarket Address is altogether of a very different complexion. It hints at an extension or prolongation of the usual term of performance—but of which grant, imperious circumstances put it out of the power of the Proprietors, to avail themselves. The following is an accurate copy, which will enable the reader to form his own conclusions, and judge for himself.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

Although an extension has been added to the usual licence for performances at this theatre; so many obstacles will present themselves against an enjoyment of the grant, that the season MUST terminate, this evening. The Proprietors, by whom I am deputed, on this occasion, request me to offer to you their most grateful acknowledgments for the favour and patronage, they have experienced from a liberal public. The Performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, beg leave to add their sincere thanks for the support you have so generously bestowed upon their efforts, and we most respectfully bid you farewell!

The Lyceum Address, spoken by Mr. RAYMOND, was to the following tenor:

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I have once more the pleasure to appear before you, on the close of a season of the English Opera, to offer the warmest thanks of the Proprietor, for the gratifying success, which has attended his efforts to merit your approbation.

From the commencement of the establishment of this theatre, to the present day, it has been his most anxious desire, to obtain your favour, and his best reward, to be honoured with your smiles.

The liberal encouragement you have given to his endeavours, increase with every season, his gratitude and zeal in your service, and he pledges himself that so far from relaxing in his activity, it shall be his proudest ambition to establish the English Opera on the firmest basis, and in a style, which shall be more and more deserving the applause, with which it has been honoured.

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Performers desire to join me in a respectful tribute of thanks, for their share of your patronage; and in the name of the Proprietor, the Performers and myself, respectfully bid you farewell?

OPENING OF THE WINTER THEATRES.

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

[The Author of the *MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORTER* is well aware, that it is the general custom with writers, engaged in Dramatic Criticism, to give the precedence, in their lucubrations, to Drury-Lane. But as it is not his intention to pit one theatre against the other; much less to take upon himself to decide the question of preference, (being alike the advocate and admirer of both establishments, and conceiving them entitled

to equal respectability and support,) he follows, in the present arrangement, the natural order of things. Covent-Garden Theatre opened upwards of a week sooner than that of Drury Lane : of course he gives priority of mention to the Theatre, which boasts priority of representation.]

- Sep. 12, Pizarro—Miller and his Men.
13, Lord of the Manor—Timour, the Tartar.
14, Midas—Child of Nature—Grand Alliance—Timour the Tartar.
15, Hamlet—Timour, the Tartar.
16, The Exile—Timour, the Tartar.
17, Henry the Fourth—Aladdin.
19, Beggar's Opera—Miller and his Men—Mother Goose.
21, Love in a Village—Aladdin.
23, Artaxerxes—Bombastes Furioso—Miller and his Men.

The theatrical campaign commenced, at Covent-Garden, on Monday, September 12. with Mr. SHERIDAN'S adapted play of *Pizarro* ; to which succeeded the *Melo-drama*, as it is affectedly styled, of the *Miller and his Men*.

The alterations and improvements made to the Theatre, during the summer recess, regard exclusively the interior. A double stair-case, (an *alteration*, most undoubtedly, but, in our opinion, very little entitled to the appellation of an *improvement*, for the passage is considerably too narrow), connects the lower with the upper saloon. This new arrangement, it is pretended, does not detract from the size and dimensions of the lower saloon ; but having been absent from England upwards of twelve years, the Author of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter* cannot presume to decide on the justice of this assertion.

The facing of the boxes, and, indeed, the whole of the interior of the Theatre, has been carefully and completely cleaned ; though we cannot say much in favour of the pillars, between the boxes, which present any other appearance or colour, than that of gild-

ing. The ancient gilding has been retouched, with a degree of delicacy bordering, perhaps, on excess—inasmuch as it loses considerably of the intended effect, from minuteness, not being sufficiently discernible to the naked eye, when regarded from the opposite side. In one word, the theatre now displays an aspect of lightness, elegance, and splendour, highly fascinating to the eye, and creditable to the liberal sollicitude of the Proprietors, to merit public suffrage and approbation.

There is one material alteration, however, on the merits of which, opinion is greatly divided. We allude to the new drop-scene, which has been substituted in lieu of that ancient appendage of our theatres, the green-curtain. The latter was not only rendered venerable by time and custom immemorial; but possessed the advantage of presenting an object, on which the eye reposes with pleasure, after being fatigued with the glare of surrounding objects, and the dazzle of the scene. For our part, we are free to confess, that our preference is decidedly in favour of the green-curtain. The present new drop-scene, has, in fact, a rather dingy appearance. It is decorated with the Royal Arms in the centre, surmounted by the Prince Regent's feather. Underneath is the national symbol of *George and the Dragon*—a deep border of gilding runs all along at the bottom, and the whole of the surface, not occupied with the Royal Arms, is studded, as it were, with roses, thistles, and shamrocks, emblematic of the Union of the three Kingdoms.

The doors were no sooner thrown open, than the house was crowded, in every part. Whatever may be the literary character of *Pizarro* (and few persons can

feel less disposed to over-rate its claims, as a dramatic production, than the Author of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter*, who was the * first to point out its absurdities, and monstrous incongruities,) its scenic and pantomimic attractions cannot be called in question, or invalidated. The Performers, as they severally made their appearance, in their respective parts, were received with tumultuous and reiterated bursts of applause. The Author of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter*, in particular, after an absence of twelve long years, was extremely happy to recognize several of his old acquaintance, at both theatres, in apparent excellent health and spirits. Mrs. BLAND; Mrs. GIBBS; Mrs. H. JOHNSTONE; Mrs. DAVENPORTE; Mrs. GLOVER; Miss MELLON; Miss TIDSWELL; Mr. BARRYMORE; Mr. R. PALMER; the respectable Mr. MURRAY; Mr. FAWCETT; Mr. INGLETON; Mr. EMERY; Mr. BANNISTER; Mr. JOHNSTONE; with many others (too numerous to recapitulate, but all of whom share the Author's best wishes,) appeared as gay and as lively as ever. That they may long, long continue in the enjoyment of these enviable blessings; long remain the objects of public favour and encouragement, is his most ardent prayer. But he is unfeignedly sorry to add, that Mrs. RENAUD (late Mrs. POWELL) has not that ruddy look of health and *embonpoint*, which formerly distinguished this amiable actress.

To return, however, from this digression, (which the reader, it is hoped, will be pleased to pardon, in

* See Mr. DUTTON's *Pizarro*, with Notes, published four days after the first representation of this celebrated play.

consideration of the feelings naturally excited in the Author's breast, on beholding himself once more in the midst of a London audience, after such a long and vigorous captivity, abroad,) on the drawing up of the new drop-scene, mentioned above, the loyal song of *God save the King*, was clamorously demanded by the audience. Custom immemorial has rendered this ceremony a kind of indispensable preliminary to the opening of a theatrical campaign. As such, the demand ought to have been foreseen, and the necessary arrangements made, for complying with ancient usage, by the Manager. A culpable neglect seems, however, to have prevailed on this occasion. Mr. BARRYMORE was obliged to come forward with an apology, stating that several of the vocal performers had not yet repaired to their post, and craving the indulgence of the audience; with the assurance, that their loyal wishes should be gratified, as soon as they should have dispatched *Pizarro*, and celebrated the *Irish howl*, or *wake*, over the dead body of *Rolla*.—The audience, very good-naturedly, put up with this apology.

Mr. YOUNG, whose performance we witnessed this evening, for the first time, seems to be an established favourite with the public. He imparted a due portion of bustle and animation to the ranting part of *Rolla*, which Mr. SHERIDAN has very artfully taken care to furnish with such a profusion of, what is technically denominated, *gallery-traps*, that it never fails to call down thunders of applause from the upper regions.

Mrs. RENAUD personated *Elvira*, a part not deficient in rant and roar, with commendable energy. *Cora*

found an interesting representative, in Mrs. H. JOHNSTON. ABBOTT, in *Alonzo*, evinced himself an improving performer. BARRYMORE, who like the Sun, never changes, strutted his accustomed round in *Pizarro*, which may be considered as his *heir-loom*.

Rolla's requiem, conformably to previous promise, was followed by *God save the King*, in full chorus, amidst loud and reiterated plaudits, which, (to adopt a homely phrase), made the very house ring again.

The *Melo-Drama* of the *Miller and his Men* concluded the entertainments of the evening, and was so well received by the audience, that it is difficult to decide, which of the *two* pantomimes possesses the greatest merit and attraction.

But what pen, what language shall ever do justice to the description of the rapturous delights of the ensuing evening, when the *Melo* was eclipsed by the *Romantic Melo*; and a new set of performers made their *debut*, on the boards of Covent-Garden Theatre, in M. G. LEWIS' *Romantic Melo Drama*, of *Timour, the Tartar!*

"To give their due, would ask a thousand tongues;

"A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs!"

Never have we witnessed a more flattering reception, on any stage; never seen a new performer give essay of his powers, under more auspicious stars,

And to render them justice; the *debutants* discovered none of that *virgin* bashfulness and timidity, so generally concomitant on a first appearance, and of which the *Representative of Persian Majesty* exhibited such a remarkable instance, on the same boards, a few nights afterwards. They were particularly entitled

to praise and admiration, for the accuracy of their step, and the justness of their gesticulation, a quality, by the bye, which ranks among the most arduous, required in the Theatrical profession. Amidst thunders of applause, and kind greeting, they advanced with confidence on the stage ; trod the boards with grace and precision, and what argues more than ordinary powers of self-collection, never once stood in need of a friendly whisper from the Prompter.

To be brief, it was a spectacle truly gratifying to every lover of legitimate drama, and rational amusement. Such clapping, such hurraing ! such prancing, and such neighing ! such fighting, and such playing !—the *rams'-horns of Jericho* were a mere *penny-whistle*, a paltry *Jew's-harp*, in comparison to the delicious noise, hubbub, roar, vociferation, rout, and confusion of this delectable evening !

What must have been the enviable feelings of the Author, on this memorable occasion ! How must his heart have beat with proud triumph and conscious exultation, to witness the masterly manner, in which his lofty conceptions were embodied, and held up to public gaze and wonder, by such able actors ! In my mind's eye, methinks, I behold him perched on high, in one of the boxes over the Stage, adding a fresh wreath to his laurels, and

sublimi feriens sidera vertice !

The *Child of Nature*, performed on Wednesday, 14. September, introduced to the audience a young Lady, of the name of Miss FOOTE, in the character of *Amanthis*. The Bills of the theatre inform us, that this was her second appearance, on the Covent-Garden boards. Not having witnessed her former efforts,

the Editor of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter* cannot give any opinion, as to her improvement in the histrionic art, of which he has heard some persons, and those no mean judges, speak highly. Miss FOOTE is of middling stature; slender and delicate; her features are pleasing, and her general appearance well adapted to the part she personated, the principal *traits* of which are frankness, candour, and simplicity. She was received with much kindness and encouragement, by the audience.

The play of *Hamlet*, acted on the 15th, procured us again the pleasure of witnessing the performance of MR. YOUNG. He evidently ranks high in public estimation, and, as far as we have had the means of appreciating, deservedly so. His *entree* on the stage was greeted, by three distinct and well-pronounced rounds of applause. But we shall not presume to give a decided opinion on this gentleman's claims, till we shall have had more frequent opportunity of weighing and analyzing his merits. Still less shall we enter into odious and invidious comparisons, which we have ever held in aversion, as calculated solely to depress the aspirings of genius, and gratify the unhallowed passions of personal rancour and malignity.

ABBOT, as we have already observed, is an improving Actor. Of this he gave ample proof, in his personation of *Laertes*. EGERTON evinced much caustic humour, as the principal *Grave-digger*. MRS. RENAUD's *Gertrude* was marked with feeling and impressive dignity; particularly in the heart-rending interview, where *Hamlet* holds the mirror up to her soul. Of Miss MATTHEWS's *Ophelia*, we wish to

speak with indulgence. Her conception of the part is not amiss ; but she must look forward to time and experience, for due expansion of her powers.

In *King Henry IV.*, Mr. MURRAY, who is always respectable, sustained with interest and dignity the part of the Monarch. The young Prince of Wales found a very promising representative in Mr. COX-WAY. This gentleman possesses the advantage of a good figure, with a very expressive eye. FAWCETT's delineation of the fat, unwieldy Knight frequently provoked the risible propensities of the audience.

Hotspur, as the principal character in the play, was consigned to the able hands of Mr. YOUNG. We reserve our opinion, on this gentleman's general merits and style of acting, for a future number.

The *Melo-Dramatic Romance* (we give the exact title, as detailed in the bills), of *Aladdin* constituted the after-piece. It possesses all the interest, which pageantry, music, mummary, and dance can communicate, and might afford congenial entertainment to boarding-school ladies and gentlemen, during the vacation.

The *Beggar's Opera*, as performed at Covent-Garden theatre, on the 19th, possesses great claims to novelty, at far as respects the Editor of the *Monthly Theatrical Reporter*. During his captivity in France, this piece, it seems, has been cut down by some relentless dramatic *Procrustes*, from *three* acts to *two*. In how far such liberties with the works of accredited authors, are compatible with justice, and the respect due to their memory, we pretend not to determine.

The only interest the piece appeared to possess, as exhibited in its altered garb and dress, rests, in our

humble estimation, with some very pretty singing, by Miss STEPHENS.

The same principle, which suggested the curtailments, exercised on the *Beggar's Opera*, has been applied with equal latitude and expediency, to *Artaxerxes*. This Opera has likewise *undergone the operation of the mangle*, and is now *compressed* (we quote literary from the bills of the theatre) from *three* acts into *two*. It was performed at Covent-Garden this evening, (September 23d,) for the avowed purpose of bringing forward a new candidate for Thespian honours, of the name of ROVEDINO, in the part which gives the title to the piece.

Notwithstanding the extreme timidity, we had almost said more than *virgin* bashfulness and apprehension, which characterized Mr. ROVEDINO's *debut*, the present, we understand, was not a *maiden* essay, on the part of that gentleman. It seems, he has already *preluded*, on the boards of the *Lyceum Theatre*,—but it does not appear that his previous flights have inspired him with much confidence in his wing.

He was, however, most rapturously received by a numerous, and highly good-natured audience. We avail ourselves of the latter epithet, with premeditation and design; for the clapping of hands, with all other customary demonstrations of approbation and applause, not only greeted his first *entree*, or followed indiscriminately and uniformly every note he uttered; but even *preceded* his efforts, and the house literally resounded with plaudits, on repeated occasions, ere the blushing warbler had even opened his lips.

Mr. ROVEDINO's appearance is sufficiently juvenile; his figure boasts nothing remarkable—nor can we discover any peculiar traces of majesty, in his re-

presentation. His voice, rather feeble in itself, was heard to considerable disadvantage, in consequence of the visible trepidation and restraint, under which he laboured. His tenor notes are good, and he is entitled to no mean praise for the proofs he evinced of correct and delicate taste. Time and experience, no doubt, will improve his powers; and so far from condemning his bashfulness, we feel rather inclined to commend these modest symptoms of a quality, not invariably characteristic of the theatrical profession.

We know but very few parts, in which we have seen INCLEDON to greater advantage, than in that of *Artabenes*. He even surprised us, by the warmth and animation he infused into the passage, where he disclaims all affinity with his son:

“ His father he lost, when he murder'd his king!”

was not more loudly than deservedly applauded, and imperiously *encored*.

MISS STEPHENS is unquestionably a sweet singer, and will, with time and practice, establish *superior* claims. But the part of *Mandane*, to be worthily personated, requires dignity and impressive action.—MR. SINCLAIR's *Arbaces*, is not de-void of merit; but the remark we have just offered, respecting *Mandane*, applies equally to her Persian lover.

The scenery was any thing, and every thing, but what it *ought* to be—*Persian!* with the exception of the last scene, the leading component parts of which serve indiscriminately for *Pizarro*, or *Alexander the Great*; for *Peru*, or *Babylon!* It affords ground of serious reflexion and regret, that the persons charged with the scenic department, in our theatres, should be so little conversant with ancient customs and manners; so little acquainted with the varied detail of local, ethic

and chronological propriety, as affecting the age, climate and country, in which the action represented, or rather, *designed to be represented*, is supposed to have occurred.

Thus, for instance, *Artabanes*, at the court of Persia, acting as recording judge on the trial of *Arbaces*, appears seated at a very commodious table, with a very complete pen and ink-stand; in fine, with all the *modern* apparatus of writing, placed before him. To crown and affix the seal of reprobation to this tissue of absurdity and ignorance, on the aforesaid table lie two or three books, of very modern fabrication, form, and binding, and which absolutely seem placed there for no other purpose, than to provoke censure and rebuke. A few *scrolls* of parchment would have obviated all objection.

On the whole, the Opera of *Artaxerxes*, as performed this evening, exhibited one of the tamest representations, it has ever been our lot to witness; although we have read a very different account of its pretensions, in certain of our public journals.

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

- Sept. 20. Rivals—Bee Hive.
- 22. Wild Oats—Review, or the Wags of Windsor.
- 24. Hypocrite—Turnpike Gate.

The opening of this magnificent theatre had been originally announced for Tuesday, the 13th of September. But the great alterations and improvements, which the judicious liberality of the Managers deemed it expedient to carry into execution, necessarily retarded the accomplishment of their design.

At length, precisely one week subsequent to the

projected day of commencement, the curiosity of the public, which had been wound-up to an unprecedented, but (we are happy to add,) not disappointed, height of expectation, was completely gratified. The Theatre, on opening, burst on the delighted gaze of thousands, with all the charms of novelty; all the brilliancy of classical elegance and taste; all the pomp and splendour of Oriental imagination!

Before we proceed to an account of the Performances, we shall endeavour to give the reader, as far as practicable, an adequate idea of the nature, character, and magnitude of the extensive alterations, which the whole of the interior of Drury-Lane Theatre has undergone.

Its general appearance, when lighted up, presents to the spectator the beautiful image of a clear, serene, and cloudless sky, when the blue vault of heaven is emblazoned and bespangled with innumerable constellations, and shines in all the glory of the countless starry host—a scene so admirably amplified by POPE, in his free translation of HOMER's *Iliad*, at the close of the Eighth Book.

“ As when the moon, resplendent lamp of night !
O'er heav'n's clear azure spreads her sacred light ;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene.
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars, unnumber'd, gild the glowing pole ;
O'er the dark trees a yeller verdure shed,
And tip with silver ev'ry mountain's head.
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies !
The conscious swains rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames in this bright Temple blaze,
And lighten Drury with resplendent rays.”

The prevailing colour is a light, azure blue, at once enriched and relieved by the softened reflexion of gold and silver, profusely intermingled, in the rich and costly embellishments, which strike the eye in every direction. It is, perhaps, impossible for the most ardent imagination to conceive a *coup d'oeil* of greater pomp and magnificence; especially when, to the general effect of the House itself—are super-added the blaze of beauty, and the brilliancy of tasteful ornament, displayed by a numerous and fashionable circle of blooming, elegant females, beaming youth and lowness,

— whose bright eyes

Rain influence!

to adopt the metaphorical language of MILTON.

The back of the boxes presents a clear, brown ground, approximating to the colour of topaz, divided into co-parts, by appropriate devices; and imparting, by its chastened shades, a mellow hue to the whole *ensemble*. The effect is highly pleasing, and assimilating delightfully with the roof, or ceiling, (which is completely new, with alternate co-parts of gold and blue, verging with gradually lightened tint to a rose, that occupies the centre) again puts the spectator in mind of a fine, cloudless, clear, Italian summer sky, at sun-set.

" When all is quiet, peace, and calm repose!

We now proceed to particular analysis, and beginning with the stage, shall successively notice the leading alterations, introduced in every part of the theatre.

Of the effect, said to have been produced by the pillars or columns, which formerly terminated the stage, we can only speak from report; not having had

an opportunity of forming our own opinion, from ocular inspection. These, however, are now removed; and by this arrangement, the opening of the curtain has received an enlargement, in width, of three feet. Four elegant and capacious boxes have replaced the small pavilions. Stage doors have been added, which are not merely an object of ornament, but of great practical utility, as facilitating the exit of the performers. And as the architect has very dexterously made them converge towards the centre of the stage, they conceal from view the actors, in waiting to make their *entree*. This, in our estimation, constitutes an essential improvement, inasmuch as the illusion of the scene is thereby preserved, which formerly was in a great measure lost to those, who occupied the side-boxes.

The stage-doors are surmounted by elegant balconies, with light, airy galleries, gilt lattice-work, and canopies of rich and costly appearance. Ascending still higher, the summit of the scene displays various embellishments, executed in a masterly style. The Royal Arms, with emblematical figures on each side, possess all the merit of relief. The arch of the proscenium has likewise been enlarged, to correspond with its new support.

The circle of the dress-boxes presents, in front, on a light blue ground, a gold octagonal lattice work, with roses in the centre, and a relief of white, in the intersections. In the first, or canopy tier, we find simplicity most agreeably blended with brilliancy and splendour. The under part of the canopy, which formerly was plain, now boasts the embellishment of gold lattice work, with roses in the centre, after the example of the dress-boxes. The upper part of the ca-

nopy is ornamented with an antique projecting scroll, in which blue, white, and gold alternately enhance and relieve each other. A gold vine foliage, with tendrils, serpientes along the front, with light and fantastic elegance.

The second tier is peculiarly entitled to admiration, and claims detailed notice, from the classical character of its decorations. These consist in a long series of groupes and figures, partly historical, partly mythological, very ably painted from antique models and designs, by Mr. Wm. DIXON. The following explanatory key may not be unacceptable to the reader.

Supposing the spectator to face the stage, the first object on his right exhibits the representation of an offering, made annually by the Romans, for the eternity of their empire, the health of their Emperor, and the prosperity of the citizens at large.

2. A General, after having obtained advantages over the Parthians, is crowned by Victory. The Commander of the Parthians is on his knees, in the act of surrender, and imploring the clemency of the Conqueror. At the same instant, a groupe of captives are brought in.

3. Bacchanalian subjects, taken from the Elgin and Townley marbles, and from Terra Cotas in the British Museum.

4. A Nuptial Dance.

5. Bacchanalians.

6. Sacrifice of Iphigenia—Agamemnon, Achilles, Ulysses, and other Greek heroes.

7. Enemies attacking their opponents, when buried in sleep in the Temple; reverse the altars, and deface the statue of the God.

8. Mercury announcing to Jupiter and Juno, seated on their thrones, that a sacrifice has been offered to them.

9. Death of Meleager.

10. Funeral rites and pomp. A young huntsman is carried to the place of sepulture, by his relatives; his companions follow, with the hunting spears, dogs, and horns, which are to be interred with him, in the tomb.

11. Continuation of the same subject. The defunct is here represented on a pile—women bewailing, and tearing their hair—his wife killing herself near the pile. On the right stands the urn; the priests repeat three times, “farewell” to the departing soul.

12. Subjects from the Elgin, and Townly Collections.

13. Religious ceremonies, connected with the worship of the Egyptian Goddess, Isis; first is the Priestess, as Goddess, holding in one hand the Egyptian bucket; in the other the serpent, emblem of the healing Divinity.—2d. Egyptian Priestess, singing hymns in honour of the Goddess.—3d. Chief Priestess carries a bucket full of water for the ceremony, denoting the fruitfulness of the Nile.—4th. Priestess shaking in one hand a timbrel, holding in the other a chalice for libations.

14. A Roman Marriage.—One of the attendants is offering a dove, emblem of Love; a sheep is brought in, the offering of the husband; behind are women with garlands, Concord, and Plenty.

The decorations of the third tier of boxes consist of a gold scroll work, in relief, on a blue ground, extending from an ornament of the same description, in the centre, to the end of each side.

An additional seat has been annexed to the one shilling-gallery, and it reflects no small credit on the talents of the architect, that he has so arranged his plan, that even this exalted region commands a perfect view of the whole of the stage.

The two shilling-gallery presents still greater improvements. A passage has been opened at the back, which affords this part of the audience the means of free communication with each other, and obviates the difficulty of entrance and egress, which formerly prevailed. This passage, at the same time, answers the purpose of a lobby, where refreshments may be obtained.

The grand staircase and rotunda have been repainted, and are enriched with suitable decorations. The principal saloon exhibits a lilac ground, of most charming simplicity, which accords beautifully with the pilasters. The corridors leading to the boxes are distributed into pannels, of two shades of delicate verdant hue, enhanced by a white Etruscan edging. Their basement is an imitation of Scagliola marble.

In addition to all these great and essential improvements, the theatre is indebted to the classical pencil of Mr. GREENWOOD, for a new architectural act-drop. The idea, we understand, is taken from a design of PIRANESI, who is held up as one of the first Italian masters, in this species of composition. The scene represents the entrance to a superb and spacious Roman *atrium*, or public hall. The columns are of the Corinthian order, in the highest style of magnificence. Statues, warlike trophies, basso-relievos, medallions, vases, &c. are profusely interspersed. The pillars of the corridor are of the richest porphyry, of a deep red, inclining to purple, and form a striking contrast with their white capitals and bases. The subjects introduced in the medallions, are bronze in relief, executed on Sienna marble. The ground of the vases is of lapis lazuli, with embossed white ornaments. The pedestals are embellished with sphinxes, of grey marble, and the lower parts display the *fasces*, the awful *insignia* of dictatorial and consular power. The general effect is admirable, and in point of grandeur surpasses any thing of a similar character, on the British stage.

Nor have the Managers, in their laudable solicitude to fascinate and delight the public eye, been less liberal of improvement and embellishment, in those departments of the theatre, which are not accessible to the *profanum vulgus*, to the audience, at large, and which may, therefore, not unaptly be termed the *sanctum sanctorum* of the establishment. Both the green-rooms have been refitted, and decorated anew. The large, or principal green-room is richly ornamented, and its colour enhanced by a red border, with broad gold pannels. In the centre, opposite the door,

stands, *most conspicuously placed*, the bust of Mrs. SIDDONS. The busts of SHAKSPEARE, and of GARRICK, as representatives of persons, of *inferior celebrity, and inferior excellence*, are, *very properly, and very modestly*, consigned to a less obtrusive station, and form appendages to a large pier-glass, on the left side of the entrance. Mrs. SIDDON's bust is a present made to the theatre, by Mr. WHITBREAD.

This truly splendid and magnificent theatre opened, for the winter-season, as already stated, on Tuesday, 20th September. Such was the eagerness of public curiosity, that, notwithstanding its vast dimensions, it was immediately filled to overflow. The satisfaction of the audience, on witnessing the surprising changes, which a few weeks had effected, expressed itself by a kind of *buz*, or murmur of applause, resembling not a little the noise of a swarm of bees—which was heard distinctly in every part of the house. But, when the stage-lamps were raised to their due level, and discovered in all its infinite variety of pomp and splendor, the assembled beauties of the edifice—when the drawing-up of the green-curtain (so judiciously retained at Drury-Lane,) displayed the grandeur and magnificence of the new act-drop—that *buz*, that murmur of applause, instantly converted into tumultuous plaudits, which broke through all restraint.

Almost in the same instant, the band, in the orchestra, played the tune of the well-known song, which serves as the watch-word and rallying-point, to all loyal Britons. This, operating like an electric-shock, caused the song itself to be imperiously demanded. A momentary delay ensued, which called forth some symptoms of discontent. These, however, were soon

appeased, by the appearance of the whole of the *corps dramatique, en masse*, on the stage—*God save the King* was thereupon sung, in full chorus—the audience respectfully standing up, and the gentlemen being uncovered.

Mrs EDWIN then came forward, and recited the following *Occasional * Address*—which has been

* Ere we proceed to analyze the merits of this *Address*, we wish it to be most clearly and distinctly understood, that our strictures apply exclusively to the *literary* pretensions of the Author. Of Mr. ARNOLD's private character and worth, we entertain the most exalted opinion. We have heard him spoken of, as a gentleman, affable in his manners; unassuming, in professional; courteous, in private life; not priding himself on the brief authority of office, but exercising his functions, as Proprietor of one theatre (*Lyctum*), and Manager of the other (*Drury-Lane*), with mildness, with honour, with impartiality, and the most delicate forbearance.

All these amiable qualities we concede, in their fullest extent, to Mr. ARNOLD. But *moral* is not the invariable concomitant of *intellectual*, and *literary* excellence; neither does pre-eminence, in the *former*, exempt the individual from the exercise and jurisdiction of criticism, respecting his claims to the *latter*. When we consider the amazing expence which has been incurred, in decorations, embellishments, and costly attributes of every description, with the view of securing to Drury-Lane Theatre, a preference of public patronage and favour, it may well excite astonishment, that all effort should be confined to, what may justly be denominated the *accessaries* of the Drama; that the *eye* and the *ear* (to judge from the carelessness with which the very first bantling and harbinger of *intellectual* talent and improvement has been adopted, and ushered into public notice, on the boards) should be consulted, to the total neglect of the nobler faculties of the soul.

The very circumstance of opening the Theatre, with an *Address*, proves plainly, and beyond all controversy, that the introduction of an opening address was regarded as an object of interest and desirable attainment.—This point granted, ought not the same minute attention to have been bestowed, the same laudable sollicitude exercised, in procuring an *Address*, worthy of the stage, on which it was intended to be delivered?—worthy of the expence so liberally incurred; in departments of subordinate interest? worthy, in one word, of the theatre itself, in all its relations; by which phrase we do not designate merely the edifice, but still more so the bri-

given to the public, as the avowed production of a gentleman of considerable repute, in the musical world; Proprietor of the Lyceum, and Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

WRITTEN BY S. J. ARNOLD, ESQ. FOR THE OPENING
OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SEPTEMBER, 20, 1814.

At length, War's desolating banner furl'd,
Sweet Peace descends to bless the weary world !
Welcome, dear Stranger, from thy realms of bliss,
Too long a Stranger (a) from all lands but this !

liant and elegant audience, comprising an imposing assemblage of the first rank and fashion, in the country, who were to sit as judges, and form their verdict, from the impression left upon their minds, by this *Address*, of the taste and discernment of the Managers, as displayed in the object of their choice, on the one hand ; and the talents of their adopted laureat, on the other ! Have we, then, no writers of acknowledged repute, whose poetical abilities might have been called upon, on this occasion ; that it was found necessary to divert genius from its proper channel, and to intrude upon the precious time and momentous occupations of a musical composer, saddled, (in addition to his other multifarious pursuits,) with the direction, the responsibility, and the discipline of two theatres,—not to mention the, but too frequently, jarring and discordant interests of individuals ?

Or was it, as we rather incline to suspect, a spontaneous movement of ambition, on the part of the Author ; a laudable desire to evince himself the worthy offspring of *Phæbus*, considered in his double capacity, as God of Music, and of Poetry, which induced Mr. ARNOLD, to volunteer his services, in the composition of this Address ?

—*optat epiphia bos piger.*—

The oftener we peruse this extraordinary production ; the more accurately we weigh and analyze its claims, the more we are confirmed in this latter opinion ; for on our minds rests not the smallest shadow of a doubt, that had not Mr. ARNOLD been invested with the sceptre of managerial government and control, the present Address would never have been written, or at all events, never have been accepted, by those enlightened judges,

quos penes est jus et arbitrium.

(a) With due deference to Mr. ARNOLD, the word *to* ought to be substituted, in this place, for that of *from*. Should the author plead, that

To all but BRITAIN, round whose chalky (*b*) *sides*
 Roll Ocean's subject, yet protecting tides !
 To *all*,—but this our highly-favour'd Isle,
 Where, midst surrounding War, thou still hast deign'd to smile !
 Now parting tears are turn'd to joyous greetings,
 “ Now stern alarms chang'd to merry meetings.”
 Auspicious moment, hail ! when Peace restores
 Joy to our hearts, and plenty to our shores !
 Farewell ! a long farewell, to (*c*) *taxes*—*debts*—
 Farewell to glorious news ! farewell, Gazettes !
 Farewell the warrior's tale—tho' nobly sounded—
 Farewell ! thank Heav'n ! to lists of kill'd and wounded.

he has availed himself of the latter designedly, to avoid the frequent repetition of the word *to*—the same objection applies to the word *from*, which occurs in the preceding line.

For the rest, it is a circumstance, rather inauspicious for Mr. ARNOLD's Muse, that at the very moment he is congratulating Great Britain, as being the only nation, to which Peace *has not been*, and *is not*, a stranger, it should so happen, through the perversity of our brethren, on the other side of the Atlantic, that this country is almost the only European state, engaged in actual, open hostility and warfare. But more of this, anon.

(*b*) “ *Britain's sides!*” This is a metaphor, of new creation, the entire credit of which rests with Mr. ARNOLD. Frequently have we read, and heard speak, of the coasts and shores of a country ; but to talk of *Britain's sides*, reminds us too strongly of the brawny attributes of an Irish chairman.

(*c*) “ *long farewell to taxes.*” With the Romans, *poet* and *prophet* (*vates*) were synonymous terms. As lovers of our country, and well-wishers to public prosperity, most unfeigned pleasure would it afford us to see Mr. ARNOLD, whatever may be his pretensions to the *former*, establish his claims to the *latter* qualification. But, in the present state of things, we must candidly acknowledge, that were we not fully convinced of the author's loyalty and good faith, we should be tempted to suspect him of *sarcasm* and *irony*. In fact, had it been his intention to introduce a sly and covered attack on Ministers, for their prodigal expenditure of the public purse, and the heavy burdens they have entailed upon the state, he could not have hit upon a more ingenious method of conveying his real sentiments, and circulating his well-founded satire, under the plausible dis-

Henceforth the *historick* page alone shall tell,
 Who bravely conquer'd, or as bravely fell!
 But still *that* page shall name, with honest pride,
 Our cherish'd Heroes, who have fought and died !
 Shall (*d*) show how well, on shore, or on the wave,
 Our gallant sailors, and our soldiers brave,
 Knew how Britannia's thunder should be hurl'd,
 And peace be gain'd, by vict'ry o'er the world ?

England, be this thy just, thy noble boast !
 The exile still was welcome to thy coast !
 Still mid the direst rage of War's alarms,
 The Wanderer found safe shelter in thine arms !
 And, if permitted, on our British (*e*) *parts*,
 To praise those deeds, which honour British hearts,
 Be this our proudest !—to have (*f*) *stretch'd the hand*,
 By Freedom strengthen'd, over Afric's land !

guise of panegyric. And when, to complete and crown the *climax* of sanguine and extravagant prediction, he bids farewell to the ruinous system, which has accumulated the national debt of this country to such an alarming extent, as threatens utter overthrow and subversion,—where is the reader, so blind and benighted, who does not immediately perceive, that this is one of those mysterious passages so ably pointed out, and alluded to, by MILTON, where

"more is meant than meets the ear!"

The truth is MR. ARNOLD, with infinite address, has availed himself of the present occasion, to put in practice the Horatian precept
ridendo dicere verum.

(*d*) "*Shall show how well*" &c. This, with the two succeeding lines, may justly lay claim to all the merit of *prose* !

(*e*) "*on our British parts*" Why the word *parts* is here made use of, in the *plural* number, if it be not wholly and entirely for the sake of the rhyme, we, with our humble capacity, are utterly at a loss to conceive. MR. ARNOLD will, perhaps, have the condescension, to explain this passage, which, in its present state, appears to us absolutely devoid of all meaning, and exhibits a striking instance of the sacrifice of *sense* to *sound* !

(*f*) "*to have stretch'd the hand*,
By Freedom strengthen'd, over Afric's land!"

Whether the hand here said to be outstretched over Africa, be extended in anger, or in love, is left undetermined by the author. His intention,

Still to have urg'd our steadfast right, to be
The *Foes of slavery*, who *ourselves are free!*
Then hail, dear Peace! thou generous nurse of Arts,
Friend of the Muses—welcome to *our hearts*!
What time so fit—as when thy cheering ray
Darts, like the glorious beam of new-born day,
Through the long night of darkness and of storm,
To cheer and lighten every gloomy form—
What time so fit, to dress each scenic muse
With brighter splendours, and with warmer hues?
To court the Arts to this their gay retreat,
And deck with richer tints their favour'd seat?
For now, when Comic scenes possess the stage,
To mock its follies—if not mend the Age—
No (g) thought of distant friends, who strive in war
Shall damp your mirth, and all *our efforts mar*:
Now, when those efforts would your cares beguile,
No smother'd sigh shall half repress the smile!

however, in the above lines, has been generally interpreted on the favourable side; but we repeat, that the passage itself is altogether vague and indefinite. That Mr. ARNOLD actually had *some* meaning in view, admits of little doubt; he has only, after the example of many other public characters, neglected to explain himself.

(g) " *No thought of distant friends, who strive in war,*
" *Shall dash your mirth, and all our efforts mar:*"

These lines possess a *two-fold* claim to notice and animadversion. It should seem, that Mr. ARNOLD, as already remarked, has either totally lost sight of our struggle with America; or that he conceives the contest utterly beneath the dignity of public attention, and his Muse. Or, does he mean to imply, that our gallant heroes, employed in America, are unworthy of our solicitude? that they have no friends, to interest themselves in their welfare? no relatives to lament their absence, bemoan their loss, and drop the tear of sensibility and affection over their urn? Does he suppose, that the gallant Sir PETER PARKER, late Captain of the *Mene-laus*, falls unpitied, and unwept? that no kindred bosom heaved a sigh for the loss of Captain SPUNNER, of the 89th, of Lieutenants MORSON, HEMPHILL, and LATHAM? —or, that the brave Lieutenant-General DRUMMOND has no friends to sympathise with his wounds? Captain MC LAUGHLAN, of the Royal Artillery, with Lieutenants BEYNON and POE, and a number of other valiant heroes, wounded in the service of their country, in the course of the present war with America, no friends to com-

Nor, as the Tragic Muse shall here rehearse
 Her well-wrought woes, in mournful measur'd verse,
 When some lov'd Hero falls, or Patriot dies,
 No more shall kindred claims demand your sighs !
 No more her sorrows to your hearts be known
 To make, by sympathy, her pangs your own.

Here, then, with Hope elate, once more we come
 And bid you, like our warriors, welcome *Home*.
 Long have we gladly labour'd in your cause—
 Long may this Dome re-echo your applause.
 For such reward, this brilliant temple (*h*) grew ;
 Which now we dedicate to (*i*) PEACE, and you.

miserate their sufferings ? Rather let us charitably suppose, that Mr. ARNOLD's Muse has, for once, spoken inconsiderately, and at random, than impute to the country at large, such unpardonable apathy and want of feeling.

Nor are the two verses, we have selected for the object of the present note, less obnoxious to censure and rebuke, on the score of their poetical pretensions. They rank among the lamest, the most prosaic we ever remember to have met with ;—not excepting even the poetical effusions of a certain *parochial officer*, whose works generally make their appearance about Christmas.

(*h*)——“This brilliant temple GREW !

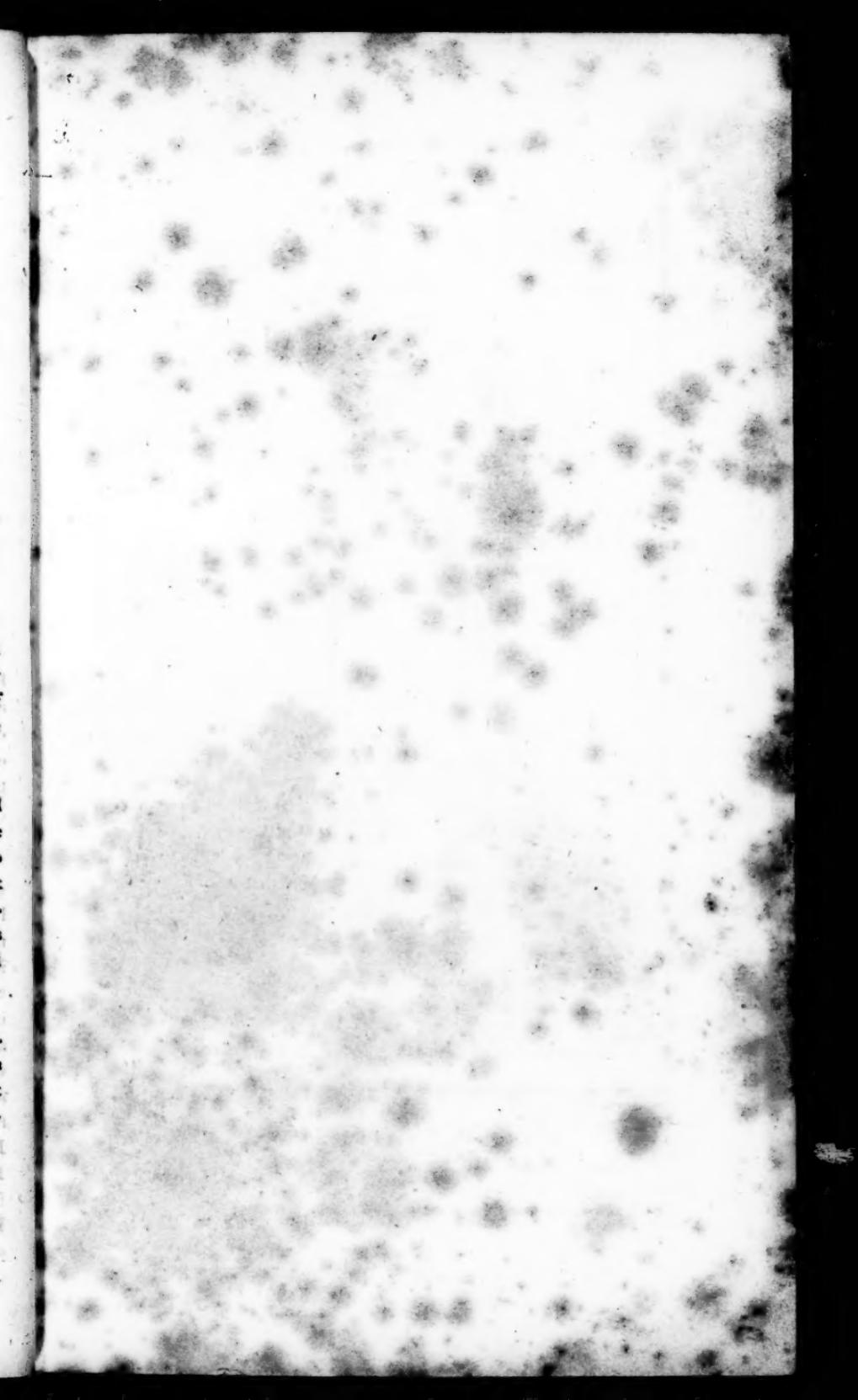
Independant of the novelty and boldness of the metaphor, here employed by Mr. ARNOLD, the intelligence it conveys must be highly welcome to the Proprietors and Subscribers of the Theatre. A temple, which so conveniently grows (out of the ground we suppose, like a cabbage) cannot be attended with the expence incurred by a building, which requires the assistance of masons, bricklayers, carpenters &c. Of course, the Proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre, may confidently look forward to an increased per-cent-age, on the next payment of their dividends.

(*i*) Which now we dedicate to PEACE, and you !

A temple dedicated to PEACE, (to pursue the allegory,) must bear resemblance to that of JANUS ; and his temple, it is well known, was always shut, during the actual existence of war. Hence it naturally follows, that till the hostilities between this country and America, shall be happily terminated, the Temple of PEACE cannot, with propriety, remain open.

ERRATUM—Page 19, line 28, for Egerton, read Emery.

Printed by and for J. ROACH, Britannia and Theatrical Printing-Office and Library, Russell-Court, Drury-Lane, London.





L. C. Smith & Sons del.

MISS O'NEIL as JULIET.
And with this Steel I'll help it presently.

Pub'd as the Act directs by J. Rauch Ruff'd Court Drury Lane Nov^r. 1st 1814.